

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## "Ghost Ship" Sails Arctic

MYTHICAL ghost ships there have been in plenty from the "Flying Dutchman" onwards. The "Baychimo" was—and perhaps still is—a real ghost ship of wood and steel—undoubtedly the strangest derelict that has ever roamed the seas without captain or crew. Nor does her story date from the dim past. She started her career as a ghost only 13 years ago. The "Baychimo" was a 1,300-ton steamer, built of steel and specially adapted for her task, which was every year to beat the winter in the Arctic regions north of Canada, covering thousands of miles in the very short summer, distributing stores to the remotest customers of the

Hudson Bay Company and collecting furs. On October 1, 1931, she had completed her deliveries and had aboard some two hundred thousand pounds worth of furs when she met a blizzard and the ice pack began to close round. Neither captain nor crew were at first pessimistic. Only the year before they had spent two weeks dodging in and out of the ice pack, using all the tricks they had learned in nine years' sailing in this part of the world, and had found a way through.

TEN MONTHS TO WAIT. But this time it was different. Things began to look bad and the ship seemed doomed to be

crushed and pulverised by the ice. The captain ordered a hut built of boards on firm ice. He had the safety of passengers to consider as well as his crew. A wireless message brought a plane from Nome, in Alaska, and the handful of passengers were taken to safety.

The captain and sixteen of the crew remained, prepared to stand by their ship on the chance that when summer came some ten months later, they would be able to take her out. They had to be sparing of fuel and food, but, helped out by driftwood and polar bear steaks, they were doing well until a heavy blizzard blotted out the landscape for days.

When it cleared they looked out and something was missing. The "Baychimo" had disappeared. Wind and currents had shifted the pack and with it the ship.

For days parties searched for the ship in the difficult Arctic conditions. They had given up hope and moved to a more convenient spot for camping, when Eskimos brought news. The ship had been seen about 50 miles away.

Using dog teams and racing the weather, the captain and crew raced to the point and found the ship. They loaded as much as possible of the cargo and carried it back to camp.

When they returned for more, the ship had again disappeared. They came to the definite conclusion that she had been crushed. The ship was abandoned and the captain and his crew brought back by aircraft. SHE WOULDN'T SINK.

But the "Baychimo" had refused to sink. Four times in the next twelve months she was seen. Five months after her disappearance, a young man travelling light with a dog-team saw her close inshore near Herschel Island. He was unable to salvage anything. The ship was spotted from the air and by others who could not go aboard.

In 1932 she seemed to be drifting steadily northwards. It was supposed that she had been lifted high and dry by the ice, perhaps 15 feet above the water, and was imprisoned in what amounted to an iceberg going down at least 40 feet.

The next news came from Eskimos, who camped aboard, intending to carry off everything useful and portable. The night before they planned to leave, a storm sprang up. For days they were imprisoned and tossed by the sea. When the storm ended, they found the ice had been piled round so that they had to climb a ridge 80 feet high to escape.

This they did without their loot, and, after meeting further storms, arrived at Point Barrow in such a state that they were willing to swear the devil was protecting the derelict!

In 1933, a schooner carrying amongst other things, some English botanists seeking specimens of Arctic flora, met the ghost ship. That she was no ghost was proved when they climbed aboard.

Everything was there, but everything was frozen and derelict—a weird sight.

The captain of the schooner made a careful examination and found the ship in good order, with fuel, charts, everything except her propeller, which had been carried away.

But any question of salvage was out of the question, for the steamer was raised high up, and every month the ice was increasing its grip. It was expected she would move towards the north of Siberia.

THE IMMORTAL. Periodically the "Baychimo" was reported in different places as she moved with the pack ice—the last occasion in 1936.

She may well be still drifting somewhere inside the Arctic circle.

In those wastes of ice even an aeroplane could search for weeks without seeing a ship now well camouflaged by ice. But there seems no hope of her ever being released.

Even if some freakish storm now crushed her, the pieces would probably remain on the ice, perhaps gradually covered by ice.

A thousand years hence, men may find the "Baychimo's" skeleton preserved, as we have found the skeletons of mammoths trapped in Siberia by the last Ice Age.

Alex Dilke

## Home Town News

### SAW 40 MURDERERS' DIE.

AN unobtrusive but observant spectator at every execution of a condemned murderer in Winchester Prison during the past half-century was John Maggs, well-known Hampshire journalist, who has died in his 93rd year.

It was John's grim job, as a Press representative, to attend all hangings in the county gaol. He had seen nearly forty malefactors "on the drop," and had witnessed at least one triple execution.

### CIVVY "LIFTER."

WHEN a Brigadier was inspecting a unit at Plymouth he stopped in front of a young corporal and barked, "What were you in civil life?"

The Corp. appears to have been a bit taken aback, because he answered, "A shop-lifter, sir."

### AN ADMIRAL'S YARN.

ADMIRAL of the Fleet Sir John Tovey tells a good yarn about the occasional lack of orthodoxy encountered in the R.N.V.R.

It concerns a little minesweeper that was setting out from port one day, and as it made its way past the Commanding Officer's ship an unusual signal was sent.

The signal caused bewilderment among the Captain and his officers.

It was "Tommy, Tommy, Freddy, Nuts."

Eventually the message was interpreted "T-F-N" and stood for (after the "Itma," programme) "Ta-ta for now."

### SHORT, SWEET, SUDDEN.

NOTICE seen in Devonport market:—

GIRL WANTED RESPECTABLE UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS.

## Beneath The Surface

With AL MALE

THE other day I was walking down Whitechapel way with a friend, and opposite the London Hospital my friend suddenly stopped, which made me stop, too.

"And wherefore?" I asked, seeing a far-away look in his eye.

"Because," he answered slowly, "and not because I am a religious man by any means, for I am definitely NOT, but because here, on this flagstone history was made!"

And then I looked down and remembered. It was on that flagstone many years ago that a tall man stopped one night, wrestling with himself.

Not a religious wrestle. (I wish we could find another word for "religious," because it is often misunderstood.) But a downright, honest-to-goodness mental struggle.

The point at issue was whether he had the moral courage to start preaching right there and then.

This tall, rather weary man was the original "General" Booth, founder of the Salvation Army. He had thrown up a career in a Nonconformist church and taken to the open field.

Well, he stood there... wondering. And then he won the struggle and he flung out his long arms and began.

First came the surprised reaction of the passers-by. PREACHING! And then came a clod of mud and a brickbat... and the yells of the opponents to preaching. And retreat.

Booth went back home that night, and his wife opened the door and saw him... mud and blood, and despair in his face. He made a gesture of hopelessness. But she washed his wounds and said, firmly, gently: "You'll go back again. You'll go back again. You mustn't give in."

And Booth knew he mustn't give in. And he didn't.

Aw, don't bother about all the criticism that has been launched at the Salvation Army. There is always criticism... everywhere. But think of this.

It was Spurgeon, the great preacher, who said solemnly that if there was no Salvation Army in the East End there would have to be 5,000 more policemen!

I am not here writing-up the Salvation Army. What I am trying to write up is the plain fact that it filled up a vacuum (which Nature abhors) and established the bare, stark doctrine of the fight between Evil and Good.

It brought the fight out into the open. It established what was needing to be established—that Evil has got to be challenged and fought and routed if we are to have a clean (or nearly clean) world to live in.

That is why they called it an Army. (They couldn't very well have called it a Navy, because its main work is on land. But it works on the sea as well.)

When I say that it brought the fight out into the open I mean just that.

We are to-day suffering from too much "scientific" criticism that is often more demoralising than "unscientific" stuff.

And I wish people wouldn't use the word "scientific" where it doesn't apply. Science means just knowledge, that's all.

But it has become a kind of fashion to oppose the plain statement about Evil by statements that Evil can be taken to mean the influence of heredity and environment.

Take it from any real authority... Evil means just evil, and that's all there is to it. There isn't another word to explain it.

How, then, are we going to overcome this devastating, corrupting force which we call by that name?

There is only one way. And that is to fight it. You needn't dive into Theology, or Determinism, or Agnosticism, or Positivism, or any other "ism," to explain it, or to tolerate it.

Because, in the ultimate, you will know that all your argument, all your evasion, all your investigation, will lead to one conclusion... and that is that Evil is a fact that has got to be counteracted, or else...

It ranges from petty theft to murder; but it is Evil.

How are you to judge it? Oh, that is easy enough.

Whatever disturbs the harmony of a family, a community, a country, and throws it out of gear... that is Evil.

Is a revolution, then, Evil? Ah, only if its objective is disturbance, destruction, selfish. You see, it is the objective that counts.

And that is why, whenever Evil presents its head, it has to be slain, even if men die in the slaying and are wounded in the fight.

Well, that is all that "General" Booth tried to do.

He dragged the ugly things into the open and exposed them... and fought them. Vested interests were against him, as they are against all who take up the cudgels to fight the Dragon... but he fought.

Why, boys, what is the meaning of the fairy stories where a Dragon is concerned but the allegory of a human being, brave and firm, fighting the Evil thing.

Have you not got a St. George's flag somewhere? He had a go at the Dragon, too.

Yes, that flagstone down Whitechapel way means more than History. It means 5,000 fewer policemen, and many other things besides.

There was once a man who was riding along the road near Damascus who thought he was doing the right thing in opposing what he (not very surely) thought was opposed to his interests.

He didn't much care about the fight that was necessary against Evil. He was a pretty strong character at that.

And then, out of the air, out of the very sunshine, there came a voice that said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

It doesn't matter for the moment whether that was a case of what has been called clairaudience or whether it was just something inside him speaking.

It stopped the rot. It arrested him.

And the result was that the man became a fighter against Evil for the rest of his life.

Of course, you know the story. Never mind the story. Never mind whether it is a "parable."

It aroused a force in the world that made the world better.

And there you can judge Evil as opposed to Good. "By their works ye shall know them." By their objective. Booth was the Paul of East London.

"You mustn't give in!" And that is the job you, too, are on, boys.

Cheerio and Good Hunting!

### SUNDAY THOUGHTS

Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New.

Francis Bacon. The loss of wealth is loss of dirt.

As sages in all times assert; The happy man's without a shirt.

John Heywood.

## HOW TO LAUGH AT THE DENTIST'S

By Anthony Slade

EVER bored yourself ashore—and bored stiff by a pile of dusty magazines and years-old periodicals? Next time, read them carefully. It's impossible to read beneath old date-lines without getting a Rip Van Winkle laugh.

Take this topical tip, for instance, from a magazine circulated among key industrialists in 1933: "This, then, is the German Army: 100,000 young specialists, smart, enthusiastic. But no matter how efficient it may be, it is as yet no threat to the peace of Europe. On one side lies France with the greatest air force in the world, and beyond the Alps lies Mussolini."

Browsing among the back numbers blows the dust off history. Do you know, for instance, that Europe in 1934 anticipated "the building of a new federation, based upon the desire of each of its members to be saved from Hitlerism"?

Was Hitler influenced by a London evening newspaper, seven years old, when it announced: "Russia does not possess the sinews of war. She has neither the credit, nor the transport, nor the munitions, to wage a sustained campaign"?

Threatening the old peace-time world were bombs that would raze cities, and fire-bombs that would "paralyse us"—but we now know the answers.

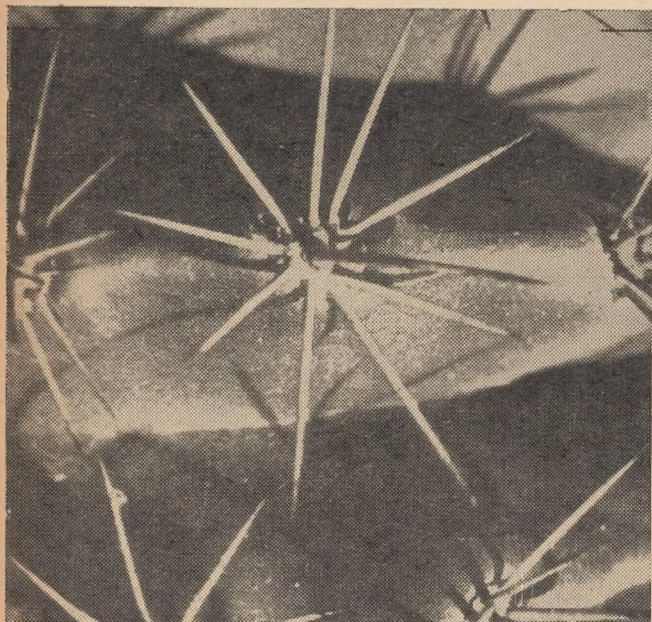
"The Prince of Wales positively will not marry!" "Hitler's no threat!" "500 m.p.h. is impossible!" You can read all about it in back-number magazines!

As you turn the slightly yellowed pages, once-familiar faces peek out—Huey Long and Primo Carnera, Dr. Townsend with his plan of "eggs for all."

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# SUNDAY FARE



## WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's Picture Puzzle. Last week's was:  
A Rubber Sponge.

# MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

## SHEP GETS ON WITH SHEARING

"SHEEP are the most important animals on a farm!" said Shep, throwing a big ewe over on her rump. She sat with her head tucked under his arm, looking rather anxiously up into his face, as though not quite sure of Shep's capabilities as a barber.

Shep picked up the clippers, pressed the switch, and—to a gentle whirring sound—opened out the wool down the ewe's neck and breast. Shep has advanced considerably since he first began shearing sheep.

In his younger days a pair of long-pointed sheep-shears was the only method of taking off a fleece; and—though a skilful shearer might clip forty sheep a day—it was a slow, evil-smelling job.

A sheep's fleece is oily, and the sheep, penned closely in the barn, soon gave off a greasy smell—and the shearer's trousers were ready for the wash by the time shearing was over.

Then came the clipping machine, worked on a flexible chain, and shearing became more pleasant for Shep—and the sheep.

With electricity on the farm, the flexible chain is plugged into the wall, and the sheep is shorn of its wool almost before it knows what is happening.

Having opened the wool down the ewe's breast, Shep took longer sweeps over the shoulders and ribs towards the ewe's back, and in a few minutes the fleece was off.

The sheep was put on its legs, and with an inquiring look at Shep—as though she'd lost her luggage—walked out into the stackyard, where a crowd of lambs were making a clamour for missing mothers.

Shep rolled up the fleece—binding it tightly into a neat bundle by twisting the loose ends into a knot—and placed it on a pile outside, ready to be stored away in the wool-chamber.

He straightened his back, and explained the meaning of his first sentence.

"Aye, sheep are the most important animals on a farm!" he repeated. "We should be hard put to it without cattle and pigs, I know, but if so be we'd to carry on with only one kind o' animal, then sheep would be the one that could least be spared."

"It's the 'one and only' that can supply us with meat, milk, and clothes, and a country that has plenty o' sheep need never be in want."

Shep, of course, is prejudiced in favour of sheep. But even so—had he known his history—he might have added that wool was the staple industry of this country since the earliest times; that sheep were so important that—at an early date—a sack of wool was placed in the House of Parliament as a seat for the Lord Chancellor.

But Shep's knowledge of sheep does not go quite so far back as that. He contents himself with the present.

And, as each sheep comes before him, he examines its feet and pares away any overgrowing hoof; and, after each shearing, collects up all "beltings"—dirty clutches of wool—washes them out, and bags them as the shepherd's perquisite from time immemorial.

## IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

The ancient Greeks and Romans loved pantomimes, but in their day all the action was carried on by gesture and movement, and speech was not permitted. Pantomimes quickly gained popularity in all European countries, and in the 18th century the clown, harlequin and columbine were introduced. The most famous English pantomime clown was Joseph Grimaldi. Much of the fun and frolic of the shows has in recent years been replaced by spectacle.

# IT'S "UDOBNY" IN MOSCOW THESE DAYS

By John  
Miller Londini

MILLIONS in Russia have never been near any one of the fighting fronts. But their war effort is almost incredible; their life centres round the catchphrase, "Vse dlya fronta"—everything for the front. This is a phrase from Stalin's broadcast to the nation when Hitler attacked at dawn on that fatal Sunday.

His gruff voice at the microphone called for partisans. He urged the nation: "This is no war between armies. This is the whole Soviet nation against the invaders. Our forces are limitless. Millions will arise to destroy our enemies. Vse dlya fronta."

To know what this now means you must walk the streets of Moscow. Nearly all the public restaurants are closed. Only one is permitted to open seven days a week; the others are limited to about three days. The one restaurant is the Aragvi, near the Lenin Building, which is used by Soviet military officials and foreign engineering experts. There are still hundreds of American and other technicians in Moscow, and this is their one rendezvous, the Aragvi.

It is expensive, though as the value of money paid to foreigners is different from that for internal use, cost is only relative. But even if an ordinary Russian has enough money he can't go into the Aragvi for a gay "night out."

IN THE MARKET. The Central is the biggest market in Moscow. It still sprawls over several acres, though most of the stalls are empty. You can see some strange things in the Central, to many of which the G.P.U. men mercifully shut their eyes, for, according to law, barter is punishable by death.

Unfortunately, though the G.P.U. men, as State servants, draw extra money and are in a position to get the best rations, they still have to resort to occasional barter—so they close their eyes to most of the deals.

If you are in ordinary civilian work, not connected with the war effort (and it is the startling truth that the Soviet Union still permits over a million men to be thus engaged), you won't get admission to a hospital, even if you are dying. This seems ruthless, but the entire administration of everything for the war—"Vse dlya fronta"—has to be ruthless. There are not even any chemists' shops where you can get simple potions, drugs—not even an aspirin or a bandage.

All drugs are needed for the Red Army, and the people who once worked behind the counters in chemists' shops are now in war factories, working on farms, or in the timber reservations. These timber reservations are typical of the efficiency with which Stalin means "Vse dlya fronta" when he says it. At the end of last summer, in preparation for the winter resistance, experts in the Krem-

shops are now in war factories, working on farms, or in the timber reservations.

These timber reservations are typical of the efficiency with which Stalin means "Vse dlya fronta" when he says it. At the end of last summer, in preparation for the winter resistance, experts in the Krem-



lin decided that civilians would have to be drafted out to the forests to cut timber for every sort of war use.

This meant 12,000 men and women, all to come from Soviet Red Army or war factories. They were found. Government clerks, professional sportsmen and women, ballerinas, cinema staffs—12,000 of them were found by the G.P.U. card-files in three days. There was no appeal, except in the cases of extreme ill-health.

Men and women alike were issued with a chaska (cup) and three rough Army odevyalo (blankets), and sent by lorry-

loads to forest camps to cut timber.

Most of them regarded it as a holiday and were prepared to enjoy the hard work and benefit from it—and, as the victories at Stalingrad and elsewhere prove, the timber was cut in time.

It is just an example of the way Russia's all-out economy has been planned, engineered and carried out by Kremlin experts. Nothing is left to chance or to the individual. Tentacles reach out from the Kremlin to the most miserable bread-line.

"Bread-line" is not the way to describe food queues in Russia. War workers don't queue for their food, but get it in canteens that are quite well stocked. But civilian workers in non-essential trades must queue.

As time is wasted by having to queue to let war workers get served first, men and women queue up early at the control booth and have indelible numbers marked on their palms, and are told roughly the times they must attend for meals or uncooked food.

Then the women can go back to minding their children, and the men to their shops, coming back to form only a short queue at their approximate time.

Government workers, who can earn up to £600 a year (a salary with a purchasing power much greater than that of a £1,500 income in Britain), get preference in hotels and flats, and though not issued with extra rations, have a card by which they, but not their families, can eat at certain controlled restaurants and places like the Aragvi, where undoubtedly the food is vastly superior.

Their extra wage is of little use to them now, for the big centres where they used to shop—for instance, the big Mostorg department store in Moscow—are almost empty.

FOR THE FRONT. Apart from rationed goods, only a few musical instruments, art supplies and books, all produced before the war, are on sale.

All these incredible war hardships are taken with one word—"udobny," pronounced "o-doh-benny." Its literal meaning is "It is convenient," and they say it with a gesture which implies the inevitable. It's for the sake of the war. Everything for the front. "Udobny"—it just can't be helped.

## TREASURY BILLS ARE BIG

AT the end of 1943, the number of banknotes in Britain has steadily lost popularity for many years—in the ten years 1924-34, the number of fivers fell by 2½ million. The numbers this represents can only be guessed, for no figures have recently been issued.

Assuming the ratio of three £1 notes to every 10s. note has been maintained, it might be 1,300,000,000 notes, or perhaps more, since the use of the high denomination notes has been stopped to hinder black market activities and income-tax evasion.

In its time, the Bank of England has issued notes for almost every round sum, from one penny to £1,000,000. The penny note was printed by accident, and the million pound ones as a little private "joke."

None of the four million pound notes were issued. The Bank kept one, King George IV, Baron Rothschild and Samuel Rogers got the others. Except as collector's pieces, they were worth less than the penny note which, so the story goes, had eventually to be "bought in" by the Bank for £5.

The total value of the notes in circulation is some indication of the money being spent. It always rises at holiday time and at Christmas. The number of notes of particular values also varies from time to time. When things are cheap, the 10s. note is more in demand.

There are 39,000,000 telephones in the world. Of this number, America has 19 million, the United Kingdom and Germany three million, France 1½ million, and Canada and Japan also have over a million. At the other end of the list, Bolivia and Paraguay have only 3,000 apiece.

The "fiver," for some reason, has steadily lost popularity for many years—in the ten years 1924-34, the number of fivers fell by 2½ million. The numbers this represents can only be guessed, for no figures have recently been issued.

Printing the notes is a major industry, for as soon as a note gets dirty, it is taken out of circulation. The "life" of a note varies, but averages only three or four months.

Britain has the cleanest paper money of any country in the world, but this means printing hundreds of millions of notes every year, each with the greatest care.

The new notes are packed in carefully-sealed parcels of 5,000, and sent to all parts of the country. The old notes were formerly ceremoniously burned, but are now chemically treated and pulped.

The Bank of England makes no profit out of printing notes. The "profit" goes to the Treasury. Formerly, the greater part of our paper money was "backed" by gold. Now, the gold has been "called up," and the Bank of England has only about £240,000 worth.

"Cleaning" notes used to be quite an industry at the Bank. Now, dirty notes are not re-issued. The sorting of the £1 and 10s. notes absorbed considerable man-power.

The famous Radcliffe Library at Oxford was founded in 1749 under the will of Dr. John Radcliffe, who died in 1714, leaving £40,000 for this purpose.

The Yezidees are a sect of devil worshippers inhabiting certain parts of Mesopotamia.

## PUZZLE CORNER

B	R	A	S	S
R	O	A	S	T
A	L	P	H	A
D	R	A	F	F
F	L	U	F	F
O	U	T	G	O
R	E	F	E	R
D	R	U	I	D

Solution to Puzzle in S.46.

Place six coins as shown in diagram. Now, can you rearrange them so that there are four down and four across. Still only using six coins, of course.

Solution in S.48.

Solution to Do You Know Puzzle in S.46.

(1) 615. (2) Lord Baden Powell. (3) A Spanish coin. (4) Homer. (5) Mme. Curie. (6) Defender of the Faith. (7) Arthur McMurrough Kavanagh, M.P. (8) Name taken from nickname of one of its members, "Praise-God Barebones." It was selected by Cromwell, and sat from July to December, 1653. (9) A metallurgical process.



# BUCK RYAN

YE GODS—SO THE JAP MURDERED CAPT HONG TO GET HIS UNIFORM!

IT LOOKS LIKE THAT, PAGE, BUT WHY DID HE PICK ON HONG?

PERHAPS HE INTENDS TO LIVE IN THIS FLAT UNTIL HE CAN FIND A MEANS OF ESCAPE?

POSSIBLY, ZOLA, I THINK I'LL STAY HERE TONIGHT IN CASE HE DOES RETURN

PERHAPS YOU'LL CALL AT THE CHINESE LEGATION TOMORROW MORNING AND BREAK THE SAD NEWS?

I DON'T CARE IF YOU CHASE HIM FROM HERE TO TIMBUCTOO—BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT JAP, RYAN!

RELAX, PAGE. WORRY NEVER DID ANYBODY ANY GOOD

THIS IS AN UNHAPPY JOB TO HAVE TO DO SO EARLY IN THE DAY

CAPTAIN DAI HONG MURDERED! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE

I-I-DON'T THINK SO

BUT CAPTAIN HONG LEFT FOR AUSTRALIA THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST. HE'S BEEN LOANED TO THE SOUTH WEST PACIFIC FORCES AS AN INTERPRETER

GOSH, SO THAT'S IT! THE MAN ON HIS WAY TO AUSTRALIA IS A JAP WEARING CAPT HONG'S UNIFORM

A JAP!

HELLO, BUCK! I'M AT THE CHINESE LEGATION... CAPTAIN HONG RECEIVED INSTRUCTIONS TO FLY TO AUSTRALIA, THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST

THEN HE WAS MURDERED SO THAT THE KILLER COULD USE BOTH HIS UNIFORM AND TRAVEL VOUCHERS! GOSH, NE'D BETTER SEE OLD PAGE AT SCOTLAND YARD

WHY THE BLAZES DIDN'T YOU WARN THE AIR PORTS LAST NIGHT, RYAN? YOU KNEW THAT THIS JAP INTENDED TO GET TO AUSTRALIA SOMEHOW

ME! THIS IS YOUR CASE, ISN'T IT? DAMMIT—THAT YELLOW BUTCHER WILL BE IN CAIRO BY NOW. YOU'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM! GO HOME AND PACK—NOW. BOTH OF YOU. I'LL FIX THE TRANSPORT

I THOUGHT THAT OLD PAGE WAS A BIT UNREASONABLE, BUCK

YES, HE SEEMS TO THINK THAT JUST BECAUSE WE HAVE A JAP'S THUMB PRINT WE CAN JUMP ON A BROOM-STICK AND ARREST HIM

KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED. WE MAY NEED A BROOM-STICK ON THIS TRIP

I SUPPOSE PAGE WILL CABLE THE SECURITY POLICE AND HAVE THEM KEEP WATCH FOR OUR MAN?

YES, BUT HIS PAPERS WILL BE FLAWLESS. SO THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL WE ROLL UP TO IDENTIFY THE LITTLE YELLOW BUTCHER

CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY PAGE DIDN'T CABLE ALL THE AIRPORTS ALONG THIS ROUTE, ZOLA

PERHAPS WE'LL LEARN SOMETHING AT THE NEXT STOP, BUCK?

YES, CAPTAIN DAI HONG LANDED HERE YESTERDAY, MERVAN, BUT HE LEFT—ALMOST IMMEDIATELY

THERE'S BEEN A GOVERNMENT "PRIORITY" HOLD-UP ON THE CABLES—SO I'M AFRAID THAT YOUR MAN WILL BE ON HIS WAY TO INDIA BY NOW. I'LL SEE IF WE CAN FIX YOU UP IN THE NEXT PLANE

YOU'D THINK THAT SOMEBODY WOULD HAVE RUMBLERED THAT JAP BY NOW, BUCK

WELL, HIS PAPERS ARE GENUINE AND THE SECURITY COPS DON'T KNOW THAT HE'S A SUSPECT

HOW MANY THOUSAND MILES HAVE WE COVERED NOW, BUCK?

I'VE LOST COUNT, ZOLA

Meanwhile—somewhere in India

A CABLE FROM SCOTLAND YARD—ASKING US TO DETAIN A CHINESE PASSENGER, SIR

HM, ANOTHER SPY-SUSPECT, I SUPPOSE

OH, THEY'RE SENDING A BLOKE TO IDENTIFY HIM. GOOD, HE'LL SUPPLY THE 'GEN', I HOPE. BIT OF A BIND—TRYING TO SORT OUT CHINESE!

THERE'S A KITE PANCAKING NOW, SIR

WELL, GO AND SEE IF CAPT HONG IS IN IT. BETTER TAKE YOUR PEA-SHOOTER!

## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE Germans occupied the Channel Isles in July, 1940, and soon the shortage of stamps, chiefly the 1d. value, obliged the local authorities to ask the German Military Command to allow a provisional issue.

At first the King George VI and the King George V 2d. stamps, of which there was a fair stock, were bisected and used as 1d. stamps. The Commanding Officer's decree, authorising the use of these provisionals, was dated December 24, 1940.



About March of the following year a definitive 1d. value was issued, its design being formed by the arms of Guernsey, three lions couchant. Jersey had a similar stamp. They were lithographed in each case and printed locally.

Now the "New York Sun" has got news that a pictorial set of six values has been issued for Jersey. They comprise 1d. green, 1½d. brown, 2d. yellow, 2½d. blue, and 6d. violet, and show local scenes, with the inscription "Jersey Postage."

For years the two main Channel Islands wanted their own postage stamps, as they have their own copper coinage. It is ironic that this ambition has been achieved through an enemy occupation.



Among newly issued stamps which are worth buying for future appreciation are the 1943 Swiss "Pro Juventute."

The design of the 5c. plus 5c. green shows the agricultural expert Emmanuel von Fellenberg; the 10c. plus 5c. olive, grey and yellow, illustrates the Alpine silver thistle; on the 20c. plus 5c. red, rose and yellow, is the Shoe of Venus, or Flycatcher flower; and on the 30c. plus 10c. deep and light blue and black, is pictured the gentian.

This ever-popular charity issue is sponsored by the Youth branch of the Swiss General Charity Federation. For the running of such a Society funds were needed, and in 1912 Christmas Seals were sold in all Swiss post offices, though they had no franking value.



In 1913 it was decided to issue a single value postage stamp for the Youth Charity, and so good was the public response and the philatelic interest that in 1915 and the years following two or more values were issued.

The stamps have always been exceptionally well designed and printed, and though even before 1930 the yearly sales exceeded 8,000,000 copies, the stamps have risen steadily in value, so that to-day a complete series fetches a good price on the market.

The 1943 set are worth holding, either used on cover or mint. The latter are, of course, the more difficult to find.



Also from Slovakia comes the small imperforate triangular stamp. It is known as a special delivery stamp, and is a surcharge which ensures that a letter is delivered only to the addressee. The stamp is printed in red and blue; the blue stamp denotes that the fee has been paid by the addresser, and the red stamp that the fee is to be paid by the addressee.



Good  
Morning

# Then and Now—But Spirit's Unchanged

